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[Selected.]

MARY MORE.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known sweet Mary More. All my life long I had loved her. Our mothers were playmates, and we first cousins. My first recollection is of a little boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not yet quite a year old. That boy myself, Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby, Mary More.

Late still, I see myself at the little old school house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I obtained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt even in her pinafores. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! How sweetly her blue eyes looked up in mine. That laugh, how gaily rang out that merry laugh! No one but Mary could so soon bring her heart to her lips. I followed that laugh from the days of childhood until I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the moon of manhood—and now when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and children climb my knee and kiss sweetly "father," I find that memories of youth are strong, and that even in grey hairs, I am following its magic still.

When I was 16, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my eighteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender youth, with a good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary More, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more.—I was a sad coxcomb, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me about this time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and went on a voyage to the Indies. In my hurried visit and departure I saw but little of Mary. She had gone to boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my blue-eyed Mary, and called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from the door, "in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and then if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps I may marry her."—Thus I settled the future of one I had known for years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer. But now I know, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps in the affected student she might have found plenty of sport, but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I might have found myself mistaken. India was my salvation—not because of success, but because laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature and made me a better man.

When at the end of some years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself, which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," murmured I to myself, "and they shall find out themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I had hoped to meet. The

gift for Mary I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all; yet the sight of the little toy thrilled me, as I balanced it on my finger. To the eyes of all others, it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts perhaps by its elegance of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on her beautiful face—her words of welcome, a future home, and a sweet, smiling face! A group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that ring of gold.

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, all told me that company were assembled in there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eyes were looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden, curly head—a tiny, delicate form followed, a sweet childish face with blue eyes was lifted up to mine, so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary More."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary More Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead.—Here was an end to all the bright dreams of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain, to usurp my place beside Mary, had succeeded at last and won her away from me.—This was his child—his child, and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. Hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the facing of the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the door of the parlor and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up; there stood a pretty, sweet-faced creature of 20, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, then stilling the tumult in my heart with a strong effort, I opened my arms and cried "Lizzie, don't you know me!"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep; I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heart-felt tears. O, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to a way-worn wanderer from friends. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung close beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and, though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home!

There were four other inmates in the room who had risen upon my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child I had already seen, who stood beside Frank Chester clinging to his hand. Near by stood Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated, when my name was mentioned, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell to the floor. When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a half timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said in the loud cheerful tones I remem-

bered so well. "You have changed so that I would never have known you, but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know!"

"How can you say he is changed," said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older, and graver, and more like a man than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly; "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"O, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silence still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there's not such another in this world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—bust! mind old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing toward me! A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought,

"Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, generally obtuse, this time was silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary More," I said in a low eager tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned, laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me. I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown. The eyes I had dreamed of by day and by night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed for to see, was now before me—more beautiful, more womanly, more loving than before. I never knew the meaning of happiness, 'til that moment came.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is turning grey. I am now growing to be an old man, and can look back on a long, happy and well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that brightened my manhood, shines also upon me in my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At my heart I am as young as ever. As Mary with her bright hair parted smoothly on her brow, that has a slight furrow upon it is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change! The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out until life shall cease to warm it. Not even then—for love still lives above!

The habit of the people is getting more and more in the way of depending upon eyesight. If you go upon a journey, and ask when the cars start, ten to one you don't fully believe what is told you, but look around for a handbill or advertisement, where you can read for yourself. So if you wish to buy or sell, you don't go about looking for customers, but call in the aid of the Printer, and address thousands of your fellow citizens at once.

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year, without having calves, "because," said he, "it runs in the trade, for she came out of a cow that never had a calf."

The Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man that don't take his country paper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two-horse wagon. He still believed Gen. Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamschatkians" had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for 25 cents—(the price being 31)—but upon going to deposit the money they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him" for half dimes! His old lady smoked a "cob pipe" and would not believe that anything else could be used.—One of the boys went to the blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be a preacher. He left before "meetin'" was out, and had no great opinion of the "sarinment."

One of the girls took a lot of 'seed onions' to the post office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side-walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old sock, and sang "Barbara Allen." The eldest boy had sold two 'coon skins,' and was on a 'bust.' When last seen, he had called for a glass of 'sody and water,' and stood soaking gingerbread and making wry faces. The shopkeeper mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal-soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd hearn tell of sody and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke. Some 'town fellow,' came in and called for lemonade with a 'fly in it,' whereupon our 'soped' friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman, and tried to get him to 'subscribe,' but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to 'internal improvements,' and he thought "Jarnin" was a werry wicked invention, and culterated nothing but wanity and waxation." None of his family ever learned to read, but one boy, and he 'tached school awhile, and then went to studying virginity.'—Exchange.

The Charleston Mercury on Governor Walker.

The tone of the ultra Southern press on the programme of Governor Walker for the permanent pacification of Kansas, may be judged from the following paragraph which we find in the *Charleston Mercury*:

"Now, we hold that the submitting of the Constitution soon to be framed by the people of Kansas in Convention assembled, back again to the people individually, for ratification, is a work of supererogation—a matter to be done or not, entirely at the discretion of the Convention, as a thing of contingent expediency only, and not by any means a necessity.—And we cannot but look upon this suggestion of Mr. Stanton, however coupled with declaration of Southern feeling, and the determination expressed by Governor Walker, as parading the nature of official dictation, and being, in fact, a violation of the promised neutrality—an insidious and high handed breach of faith towards the South and Southern men in Kansas. We, therefore, desire in the outset to stamp this game as it deserves, and protest against all attempt to influence the action of the Convention from without, whether from the Territorial officers appointed by the President, or the Free-soil schemes of New York or Boston. The real object and end is, under the guise of fair words to the South, to make a free State of Kansas."—)

Nobody seems to have heard of that chap in Aberdeen, Miss, who just came home from a year's absence in Nicaragua. On his way up from the landing he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Aberdeen married?" I met Miss A.—"Why, brother, Miss A.—isn't married." "Not married!" Nor Miss—? nor Miss C.—? nor Miss—? "Oh, pshaw! brother," said Sis, just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you pass along.

No Authority to Submit the Constitution of Kansas to the Popular Vote.

Since the Free Soil settlers in Kansas have resolved to adhere to their illegal organizations, and to persist in the purpose to take no part in the election of delegates to the September Convention, it is obvious that the fate of the Territory, in respect to Slavery, will be determined by the decision of the question, whether the Constitution shall be submitted only to persons recognized as legal voters under the act authorizing the call of a Convention, or to all inhabitants, without regard to condition or qualification.

Under the existing Territorial organization, Kansas is undeniably in the power of the South. A very large majority of the population entitled to vote for members of the Convention are in the interest of our section; the Convention will formally adopt and legalize the institutions of the South; and unless the natural and logical consequences be arrested by some unfair interposition, Kansas will inevitably be admitted into the Union as a slave State. We make no account of the probable contingency that the Black Republicans in Congress will resist its admission as a slave State; for they will hardly have the power to execute their rebellious purpose; and if they should succeed, the South would of course regard the Confederacy as at an end.

There is a way, however, by which the regular course of events may be interrupted, and the South deprived of the legitimate alliance and support of Kansas. That way was distinctly indicated in Secretary Stanton's address, and is also ambiguously alluded to in Governor Walker's speech, in another column of this paper.—It is, to take the sense of the entire population of Kansas on the question of Slavery or no Slavery, instead of remitting its decision only to qualified voters, or accepting the act of the Convention as the final and conclusive organic law of the Territory.—As the Free Soil settlers are multiplying out of all proportion to the number of immigrants from the South, in a very short time the Abolition Propaganda will accomplish their object in securing complete ascendancy in the Territory, unless meanwhile the current of population from the North be arrested by the establishment of Slavery.

As the September Convention will be composed exclusively of men in the interest of the South, it is not allowable to anticipate that they will wantonly frustrate their own object by submitting the work of their hand to an alien and inimical population. But, if they had the disposition, would such an insane act be within scope of their authority?

The powers of the Convention are ascertained and restricted by the law which calls it into existence and regulates its action. Our recollection of the character of that enactment has been refreshed by a reference to its provisions from which we discover that while it prescribes the course of the Convention from the beginning to the conclusion of its session, with the most minute attention to every detail and possible contingency, not one word is said about submitting the Constitution to a popular vote. In this statute the Convention finds the character of its powers: and it can do nothing whatever for which there is no warrant in the law.

The conclusion, then, is plain and irresistible, that the Convention is no more authorized to submit the Constitution to the popular vote of the Territory, than to make its acceptance dependent upon the throw of a die. When the Convention frames a Constitution, it becomes *functus officio*; and whatever else it may presume to do, is of no validity or authority.

By the Kansas-Nebraska act, the people of the Territories have exclusive control over their own institutions. In pursuance of the power with which they are invested, the people of Kansas have proceeded, through the only legitimate organism, to determine the character of their political system. The call of the Convention is valid, and from the result of its deliberations there can be no appeal. The Convention has no authority to submit its work to the popular approval. Nor can Congress reject its Constitution, except on the condition that it is incompatible with a republican form of Government.

What, then, are we to understand by Mr. Stanton's declaration in favor of submitting the Constitution of Kansas to the inhabitants of the

Territory? Is he so ignorant of the organic act and laws of the Territory as to imagine such a thing may be done in a legitimate and authoritative way? Or does he propose to adopt the Black Republican theory, that the Government of the Territory is an usurpation, and its legislative enactments but an arbitrary exercise of lawless power? By the latter supposition, his conduct is intelligent and consistent; otherwise, he only talks nonsense.

Such being the absurdity and illegality of the proposition to submit the Constitution of Kansas to the inhabitants of the Territory, we have a right to affirm, in view of the fact that the Convention is under the absolute control of the Pro-Slavery party, that if Kansas be lost to the South, it will be the result of the unjust and unwarrantable interference of the Federal Government.—[Richmond (Va.) South.

Home.

Home: it is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations—where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training-school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the streams which beatify and enliven social life.

If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working-man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labor ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy.—But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an internal of rest; but he is driven onward and onward, early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed.—In the earnestness of completion—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in the fluctuations which frequently occur—in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others—he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence.

Aid for the Nationals.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia, Mr. Bigler of Pennsylvania, Orr of South Carolina, and Hunkers from New York by the score are now spreading themselves in Kansas, to flog the Free State men into the support of the Kansas National Democracy, which is but the scape goat of a pro-slavery faction that have been trying to force the peculiar institution down the throats of the Free State party in Kansas. The question is who shall form the organic Law under which the Freeman of Kansas are to live, whether those who have murdered our people, burnt our houses, robbed and drove from Kansas our people; or whether those who have fought against slavery coming into Kansas from the start shall have for their reward the credit of initiating Kansas into the Union, with a constitution made by their own hands, and suited to their own wants; whether to sustain a party that has become universally pro-slavery in all its bearings and results, we are to be regarded as a brainless wax people, to be twisted and moulded into any form and shape in order to patch up a national name for a purely sectional party; is for the Free State-men of Kansas to say.—Will you do it Freeman of Kansas, or will you stand by the Topeka Constitution in a constitutional form and send it on to Congress with a fresh endorsement by the people of a large majority of the Free State party?—Wyandott Register.

Blow your own horn. Yes, give a blast and let Modesty blush, if she will. This false delicacy has been the stumbling-block of more really good and capable men; than we could enumerate in a twelve-months. Make a noise; let the world know that you are awake, if you don't blow your horn somebody else will; but not for your benefit, except "in a horn."